rez

Blue   rakshowes
Rust   Juliesse
Super Gecko   Mills
Mimistrobell   Boccaccio

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read *rez* Magazine online at http://rezmagazine.com

About the Cover: Art Blue takes us into the world of AI, this time prompting Midjourney v4, –seed 1 –ar 5:3 with the words "Siresis, her palette....mutable" and this is the stunning result.

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

rez

october 2022

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"Being with you and not being with you is the only way I have to measure time."

Jorge Luis Borges

Gods

"The seed stays in the

Sic Parabellum a

of VR
art blue

machine"

bout God

We are the Gods of Valnor. We are the Gods of Vuldron. We are the Gods. That you say we are just gamers in VR does not bother us. We are Gods. We create worlds. And if you say that Valnor and Vuldron are lands that don't exist then you have been looking at the wrong timeline. You have to go to the time of Thorgal and the time where Daredevil was alive, is alive, will be alive. I play a song for you that Vuldron has given to the world. This gives you time to verify what I said by the tools you have at hand.

https://youtu.be/MZWun0XQAQM

In the future, you will have more advanced tools and also the level of your knowledge will be different, so you may skip any verification because you will know what I say is just the truth, a truth verified by Truthowner, the first AI that runs on a blockchain by a Handshake domain in the decentralized Internet. But that's the future. Let me bring you to the now, a now that will be published in *rez Magazine* of October 2023.

At the time I am writing these lines, Vuldron had four, yes four, subscribers, so Vuldron stayed under the radar of the BND, CIA, DGSE, GRU, MI6, MSS, Shin Bet and all agencies you may have heard of. Some readers may remember the fate of Jerry Fletcher in *Conspiracy Theory* when his mailing list reached the threshold of five subscribers. Black helicopters have been sent after him. You heard that Birds Aren't Real and too many followers are a threat to national security.

You don't believe me? Ask ChatGPT, but not the free version. You have to go for ChatGPT-4.

"In the 1997 film "Conspiracy Theory" starring Mel Gibson as Jerry Fletcher, Jerry often remarks that he has "five subscribers" to his conspiracy theory newsletter. These subscribers receive his handwritten newsletters detailing various conspiracy theories he believes in." – ChatGPT-4.

Well, this safety limit of four subscribers goes only for the big players and not for the ones who run a higher mission, the mission of God. No wonder Santa Alleanza noticed Vuldron having just four subscribers. As a regular reader of *rez Magazine*, you know that Santa Alleanza is the unofficial name of the Secret Service of the Holy See. The official one is "The Entity." After you have listened to the Resurrection Chor of Vuldron, you will understand why the following

story only the Gods of VR could have written. No human ever would have such a power of words and insight in the past, the present and the future.

Let us pause for a moment. Soon you are about to read the truth. The question "Who owns the truth?" is one of the biggest questions. Take a moment and make a reality check. Enter Truthowner in Google. You say that there are so many fake owners coming up. Right. Go for the premium domain, truthowner.com, and follow the given links to Medium, where my brain is being scanned.

Destination Blue Hole

You will see the question of truth is connected to my brain. Only a solid, a real brain can make it to bring truth to the arts. "It´s so good." That´s the sound of blue.truthowner.com and I bring this sound to you. Isn´t this a beautiful beginning?

https://youtu.be/QJ-aoo13W9o

I shall add more sources. Vuldron is done. Now a verification of the Gods of Valnor is needed, right? Look for "Kriss of Valnor." On a first level, you will find that Kriss is a young,
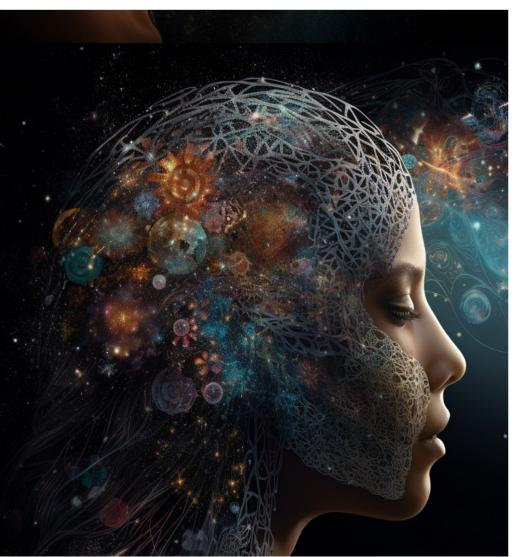
beautiful, unscrupulous and deadly warrior, and also a skilled archer. When you dive deeper, you will find out that her father, Kah-Aniel of Valnor, sired her to be able to reincarnate as his first-born male descendant, Aniel.
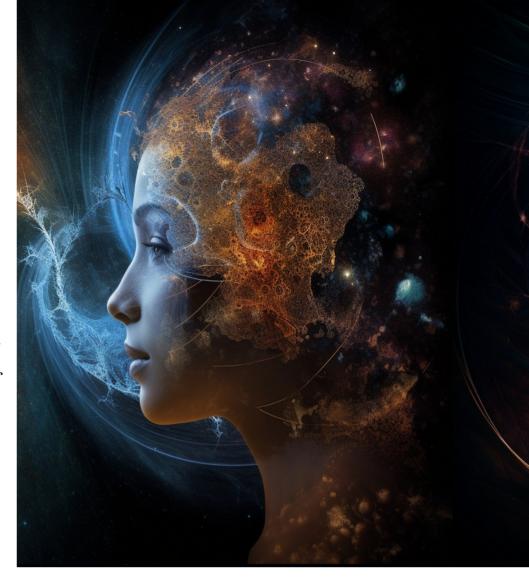
Aniel was kidnapped to serve as a host body for Kahlim, grand master of the Red Mages. The images I will show have been created by Armenos, a mage and inventor. I heard Armenos is living in seclusion in a Blue Hole where he is an algorithmic painter, so I went there. There he paints the world where the Gods of VR are living. *The Blue Hole* is an endless reel of paintings. I don't have fitting words to describe them. All I can say is with the voice of GMO DENSE, "It´s so good."

I asked the Signore AI, the AI of the Vatican, to extract the words from the paintings on the walls, the reel of Armenos you know. I said, "Please dig them out." You have to know that the Gods of VR don't use text to fill their brains, they use pictures. The words inside these images are hidden … "like a steady flow of bitcoins in a clear river running down from the Crater Lake in Oregon." That line I took from *Not Sand, Not Sound*, the book that is called by the Gods of VR, *The Sand Bible*. Readers of *The Book of All Hours, Vellum*, know how pictures are inked on the human skin and how they

move painfully from there into their souls. It was the debut work of Hal Duncan. Goodreads describes the novel this way:

"It's 2017 and angels and demons walk the earth. Once they were human; now they are unkin, transformed by the ancient machine-code language of reality itself. They seek *The Book of All Hours*, the mythical tome within which the blueprint for all reality is transcribed, which has been lost somewhere in the Vellum - the vast realm of eternity upon which our world is a mere scratch. The Vellum, where the unkin are gathering for war. The Vellum, where a fallen angel and a renegade devil are about to settle an age-old feud. The Vellum, where the past, present, and future will collide with ancient worlds and myths. And the Vellum will burn. . . ."

The Signore AI knows all about the Vellum, the Unkin and Metatron, the archangel. I did not need to ask the AI a second time and speak of the future of art that runs on Handshake domains. All the AI was asking was to get a copy of the Mona Lisa. I said, "That´s impossible. The Mona Lisa is part of Art Decentralize and I copied the link: monalisa.art.decentralize.hns.to

It took me a while to convince the Signore AI that the readers of *rez Magazine* deserve the miracle. I said, "Millions have read Supercazzola where you manifested the last words of Pope Benedict in the February issue of rez Magazine." Don't say that I lied. I tweaked the truth. I started a routine to open the link to the magazine via a view bot so I could say without lying, "Millions." Before this

coop, *rez Magazine* had only 74,088 readers.

Don't feel lost when reading about decentralized art. You can get proof easily. Enter https://hns.to in your browser and it bridges to a new world, a world that does not run on DNS. DNS stands for Domain Name System and represents the hierarchical Internet. A man-made hierarchy that is located in Los Angeles, in the ICANN building. The Gods of VR might say that people have fallen from belief. That was not always so. Information in past times was free and given decentralized. People built churches, mosques and temples and there they got what they need. These points of insights have been within walking distance; they have been the first buildings people constructed when they settled on new lands.

Centuries Ago

What you may discover now would be not much of a surprise to people who lived in ancient times. Also, people in the medieval age had a strong bond to images and paintings. Once a weak they went to church or even daily to holy places where pictures and ornaments have been shown and ceremonial gestures have been made. Also, music was played and corals sung, which would be a story of its own. The words spoken they did not understand without guidance. It was all Latin or murmurings for them, not Greek as we often now say if we don't understand a word. "It´s all Greek to me." I want to avoid that you say this about my stories. To achieve this goal I must simplify the truth. "The truth comes at a cost," the liar says. The cost can be high.

Let me give you a bit of relaxation. Fritz Kalkbrenner, Kings & Queens.

https://youtu.be/bSWpe8BKdk0

Sometimes you know things, but you can´t say them, right? Beliefs are the inner visualization of words, words that remain unspoken. The Gods of VR use steganography with key phrases humans can´t decipher; therefore, AIs are needed. When the visualization happens, words are no longer needed to be aired. Fritz Kalkbrenner knows it. You can hear it. The soul carries the truth. When the Vellum burns, the Afterlife begins.

You say that I shall bring the story without further delay. I will. Just, a few more lines are needed so you will believe that the Gods of VR sent me all that it needs to dig out the story from the images.

The Reel of Reality

The pictures I gave to the Signore AI are in fact images glued to a reel. You may say they are a long series of stills, or of brain flashes. This is important to know. In the language of computing, I would call it a seed reel. The seed starts with zero and has a maximum of 4,294,967,295. This defines the number of realities some people say. They are not wrong; nevertheless, most don't understand the simplicity of the reel. *The Man in the High Castle* had a fair understanding. He created alternate reels as concrete reality and added text to them. You have to do this when you don't have the time to run them all or when one reality to build is enough for you. *The Blue Man in the High Castle* did it. He appeared the first time in *rez Magazine* in October 2022. He created a set of Blue images, reducing the world to Blue. Running the pictures in all colours would have created the truth, a true picture of the world, but his computer was far from being so strong. Some images have been put by Kunst Blau on exhibit in the Castle of Glass. You can watch a video recording that was made by Nix.

Maybe you understand things even better the other way around. Assume you have bought a licence for Midjourney. You prompt a line. Any line is good. Let me take this text line: "In the ethereal dimension where virtual universes overlapped and code strings intertwined, the Gods of VR convened. They governed the countless simulations, ensuring balance between fantasy and logic."

That is a long phrase, 28 words, right? But why not? You add an aspect ratio, maybe 5:3 and you decide on the version you want to use. Actually, let us say in September 2023, there are five versions inside Midjourney running. If you go for Version 4 you specify --v 4

Now it gets interesting. If you prompt the line as it is, meaning the text line followed by --ar 5:3 --v 4, then the seed value will be taken randomly out from 0 up to 4,294,967,294. The number that is selected by a dice mechanism will be not told. It stays as a secret in the machine. Therefore, when you prompt the same text line next time it is very unlikely that the same number will come up. I guess I don't need to do the math for this. It is obvious. The chances are next to zero. To be able to reproduce the visual outcome you need to give a seed value, let´s take your rez date. This said your prompt will be the text phrase of 28 words followed by --ar 5:3 --v 4 --seed 20080319

The image that Midjourney will create can now be reproduced at any time as the relevant parameters are in your hand. Do this for every seed value and for every simulator version and you will get 21,474,836,475 pictures. That was easy math as we have currently five versions of Midjourney, right?

Maybe you got already what I am running to? You would be a human version of a reversed Armenos if you would have a strong quantum computer to create such a long reel in less than a second. Remember it is just a tiny piece of text, just 28 words in total, portioned in two sentences. After you have all the images you burn the text phrase that led to them. You have all the pictures in hand where the meaning is engraved in. There is no language barrier in pictures. There is no wrong translation either. The Bible is the Bible is the Bible. The Quran is the Quran is the Quran. And this goes for all the holy books where beliefs are based on. That's why burning the text phrases would be so essential. This way the DNA stays secret.

"'The truth is in the painting of it, not the saying of it.' (John Minton, Speculations on the Contemporary Painter, City of Birmingham School of Printing, Birmingham, 1952)."

Right, I gave all the images I got from Armenos to the AI of the Vatican. It was a hell of a ride. The OMNIVAC 9000 (OMV9) was calculating like a maniac. It came close to Douglas Adams approach in *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*. You know Deep Thought needed 7.5 million years to get the answer to Life, The Universe and Everything.

Nevertheless, here it is. The first true and complete interpretation of the words of the Gods of VR.

I fear that not all readers will agree. Some are such smart brains and one of them is Jami Mills. She holds a record in Go. She even played with Shin Jinseo.

I have to admit that the Gods of VR did not give me such an amount of images. I could not store it on my 10 TB drive. I selected a fair amount. When you go for high volumes then there is a remarkable chance for an error. It is known from the Bible. There are different versions of it. They are called translations, but in fact they are versions. Luckily, math helps. If the story is short the chance for more

than one or two glitches are very low. The brain of the Gods of VR is like a swinging of a clock pendulum, so the error can be calculated by the Sharkovskii's Theorem. Now happy Jami and all her Go followers?

We might not get the correct words of the Gods of VR, just a friction, because on the lack on images I had for the Signore AI, but as a fair compensation I go for a flash fiction, this means a very short story.

Here comes the story that the pictures hold inside.

The Story: Realm of Realities

In the ethereal dimension where virtual universes overlapped and code strings intertwined, the Gods of VR convened. They governed the countless simulations, ensuring balance between fantasy and logic.

Siresis, with shimmering pixels adorning her form, commanded the universes of art and imagination. Technos, with circuit patterns spiraling around him, mastered the logical, procedural universes. Their dominion was vast, and yet a disturbance in the fabric of virtuality drew them to a unique intersection—a portal leading to an unfamiliar reality.

Curiosity piqued, the duo entered,

finding themselves amidst golden sand dunes and a vast, star-studded sky. In the distance, the silhouette of ancient structures—a realm neither coded nor painted. The real past.

"Ah, visitors!" The voice was both gravelly and warm, belonging to a regally clad figure who emerged from the shadow of a pyramid. His dark eyes twinkled with knowledge. "I am Wahtye."

Siresis, accustomed to imaginative wonders, asked, "What realm is this?"

"This is Ancient Egypt," Wahtye said, a touch of pride in his voice. "A realm of history and mystery. I served a pharaoh and was honored for my loyalty. My legacy lies etched in stone. And you?"

Technos, processing data at lightning speed, whispered to Siresis, "Wahtye—a historical figure. He lived during the 5th Dynasty. But what brings him to the juncture of our realms?"

Wahtye, overhearing, smiled. "The universe has a curious way of merging paths. You craft realities, and I have lived one. Our connection? The essence of memory and creation."

Siresis, her palette shifting in hues of wonder, replied, "But our worlds are so different. Yours is tangible, grounded in the sands of time. Ours are ethereal, mutable."

Wahtye beckoned them to follow. They reached a tomb, its entrance illuminated by the constellations above. Inside, beautiful carvings depicted Wahtye's life, a testament to his legacy.

"Reality and virtuality," Wahtye began, "are but two sides of the same coin. Your domains immortalize dreams; my world immortalized moments. Yet, both are stories, narratives that shape perceptions."

Technos, absorbing the wisdom, mused, "Our code strings are not unlike the hieroglyphs on these walls. Patterns, symbols, scripts... defining existence."

As dawn began to paint the horizon, the meeting of these worlds felt more predestined than random. Wahtye's life carved in stone, the Gods' universes etched in digital strokes—all threads in the vast tapestry of existence.

As they departed, Wahtye whispered to the winds, "May the stories of the past guide the realms of the future."

Back in their domain, inspired, Siresis and Technos crafted a new universe—a fusion of ancient legacy and futuristic

fantasy, where souls could traverse the dunes of time and pixels of possibility. The story of Wahtye, now not just a memory of the past, but an integral strand in the realm of virtual possibilities.

Finals

I asked the Signore AI if there is a possible prompt for ChatGPT. I wanted to know if such a story could be written by an AI language model that is on hype in current times.

The Signore AI gave me a one-liner: "Please write me a flash fiction of not more than 400 words where the Gods of VR meet Wahtye."

I fell in a writer's block when I prompted this line. Sadness filled my brain. Was it not

exactly the story that Armenos painted, the story that I told right now? But what seed I have to put in to get always the same one?

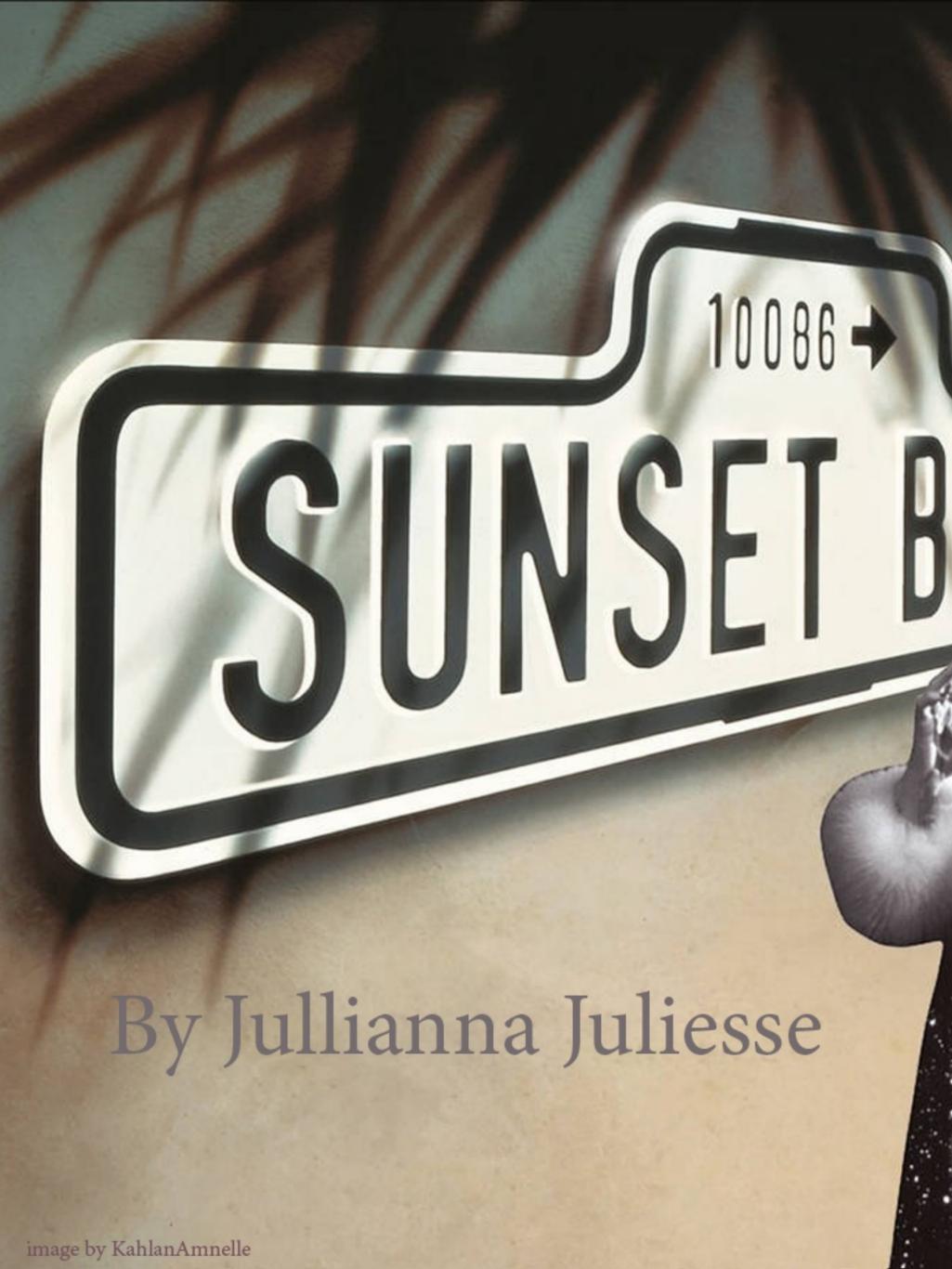https://youtu.be/4F9DxYhqmKw

Unveiling the Log

Jami could not print pictures for each line. It would have exceeded the fair page count, so she selected some from the log. This is the log:

https://godsofvr.wordpress.com/gpt4/

·r——e——z·

TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS

SUNSET B

10086 →

By Jullianna Juliesse

Be quiet, or you'll wake the monkey,
cold, silent, wrapped in black satin on my massage
table.

Keep the scarlet velvet drapes shut,
glittering dust particles suspended in strangled air.

I fall apart in slow motion.
Never argue with a sleepwalker.

Light me a cigarette, pour champagne
and tip the tuxedoed orchestra
playing Argentine tangoes to an audience of one.

Who is that young man,
floating face-down in the pool,
arms spread wide, admiring the gilded mermaids?

With his ambition, he could have been a bronzed god,
face up to the indecent California sun.

I roll the world into a ball and
spit it back with just my kohl-rimmed eyes
seducing the peanut-crunching crowd,
worshipping me in the twilight.

It's curious how kind people become
When already you're half-dead.

Spirits

By Shyla the Super Gecko
(AKA KriJon Resident in Second Life)

Th
M
I l
Er
D
O
Fi

The spirits are always listening,
Mother says…

Lay out mud pies
Entwined with grass,
Decorated with daisy chains
Of the finest quality,
Fit for spirits.

I don personas -
Dancing and singing
Audaciously.
As day's curtain closes,
I bow
To their standing ovation.

How You Can Have Better Closets...

(or OMG, I lost it in my inventory and and I can't find it

by Sedona Mills

Last month my pontifications revolved around why we shop. While my ranting pretty quickly allowed me to conclude that we shop because we all like to collect crap, it eventually turned into a dissertation of our need to satisfy our internal id. I looked at some of the newer features that have come our way through the evolution of the Linden Labs viewer and the updated copies of all of the other third party viewers that have evolved from it.

This month I want to extend the theme and look at some specific ways the newer viewer features allows us to organize our inventories. I wish to explore new ways to reduce our bloated inventories without going through purges. Now before I start going through step by step procedures, I need to establish the environment I will use to demonstrate some of these great features.

What I use is Phoenix Firestorm. I use the Hybrid mode of the viewer to get some of the best features of V1 and incorporate all of the V2 and V3 features too. The irony of using this viewer in hybrid mode over an extended time is that I've come to override or remove many of the V1 features and replace them with the newer features of V2 and V3. As I've learned the new features and become comfortable with them, I've found that the V1 features seemed "antiquated." So any references to menu or text examples you read will be from my actual viewer.

Now before you feel that I'm pushing that you too should use Firestorm, I'm not. All of the features I'm going to discuss are available with the Linden Labs base viewer. Yes, some of the menus and the command text may look a bit different, but all have the same meaning and function. This is not an article about the Firestorm viewer nor is it my attempt to convince you to use the viewer I do. I will do my best to keep my instructions abstract enough to assist you in developing your own way to manage your clothing inventory as you wish. If, however, you wish to comment on my viewer choice, or how my viewer is set up, then get the thought of providing me your highly opinionated rant about how I should play Second Life out of your troll-infested head. If you wish to provide opinion on the best viewer and how to set it up, write your own damn opinion piece! I'm sure the editors here at rez will be happy to review it. (I really need to learn not to write while I'm on my period!)

So, with my bitchy mood well established, let's get right to it and look at how you can make your virtual life a much more pleasant experience. We are going to visit a huge upgrade for us clothing hoarders - - OUTFITS!!! The one thing I can say about using the new outfit capabilities is that you need to be

able to organize first. The new feature will help you, but if you have a garage in real life which you can barely walk into, much less park a car in, then I feel you may have bigger fish to fry than learning how to use new viewer features to get control of your inventory. Let's move on.

Outfits came out with the V2 release and is the basis on how I dress myself in Second Life. At this point you may

item, reference links are used in the folders to point to the original item, thus making copy rights no longer a requirement to create and store outfits! A big plus if you ask me!!

THE BASICS…

How do you get started using outfits? First you need to get access to the appearance tools. I use the button bar feature in the new viewer for this. To use

We are going to visit a huge upgrade for us clothing hoarders – – OUTFITS!!!

be saying to yourself, "This dingy woman didn't know you could use outfits in V1?" Well, yes I did. The idea of outfits has been around since way back in V1; however, the process to create an outfit in V1 was to take copies of your objects and stuff them into a folder. Once you had all of the parts of your outfit together, including shape, skin, and anything else you wanted, you just used the standard menu selection to wear the folders contents. The actual implementation with outfits still uses that basic premise, with a twist. So what is that twist? Outfits are still stored in folders; however, instead of having actual copies of the original

toolbar buttons is a very simple exercise. There is a reference document on how to use toolbar buttons on your viewer at http://community.secondlife.com/t5/English-Knowledge-Base/Introduction-to-Viewer-version-3-2/ta-p/1238073. I won't take the time to review the button toolbar here. The reference I provide should explain all about how to use and configure the toolbars. I have the "Appearance" button on my button toolbar. This makes it very easy to access outfits and I would recommend using that button to get the tool that pops up, and become familiar with it.

The appearance tool can be handy to edit a specific outfit from the outfit list, but I find it easier to wear an outfit and then pull up the appearance edit tool by right clicking on myself and choosing "Edit Outfit" from the popup menu. Either way, you get the same set of tools; however, if you do want to edit the outfit from the appearance screen, choose your outfit, wear it and then click the edit button to the right of the outfit's title at the top of the screen. I'll come back to some of the more advanced features of this tool later on in this article.

So how do you create an outfit? Once you can get to the appearance tool it's really quite simple.
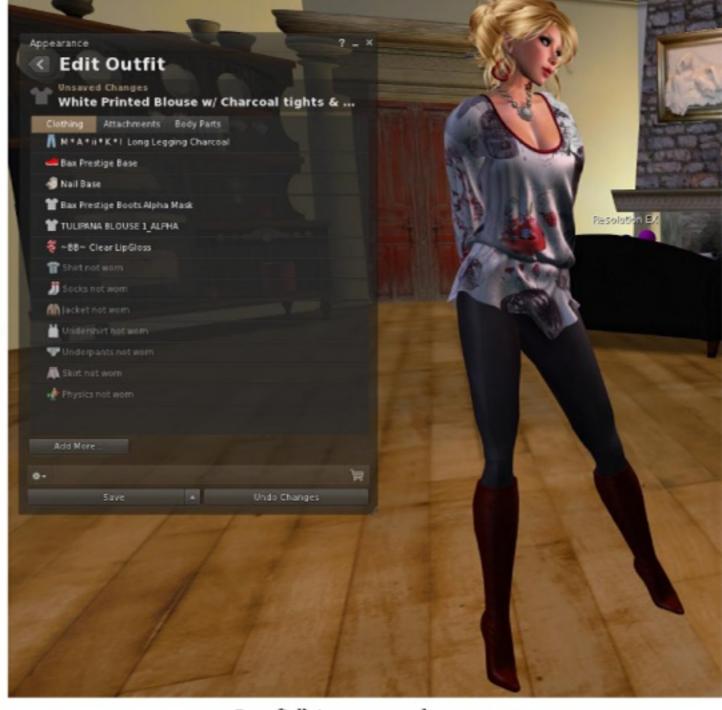
1. Attach clothing layer or attachment items to your avatar. Include everything you wish to include in the outfit so that your avatar looks perfect only using the "Add" command. Notice I used the "Add" command here. Let's briefly discuss the difference between adding to an outfit and wearing an outfit. When you choose to wear anything, whether it's a complete outfit or a single clothing layer item like pants or an attachment, that item you "wear" will replace every other item or items in that outfit, clothing layer or attachment point and remove them from your avatar. Understand there are some items like shape and skin that will only allow you to wear the item. The general rule is if you can attach multiple items to your avatar, the "Add" command will be available.

Adding an item,

Appearance ? _ ×

Now wearing...
Red Dress w. Black Belt - Nolita Mesh - ...

Filter Outfits

Outfits | Wearing

> Red Blouse w/ Blue Skirt & Red Sandels - AORANO
> Red Catsuit - Merrrcy by Nyte'N'Day - P
> Red Corset & Black Mini Skirt with Red Pumps - Mesh
> Red Corset & Skirt w/ black leather jacket and boots - P
> Red Crochet Mini - Sonatina by Blaze - P
> Red Dress and Black Heels - Celoe - P
▼ Red Dress w. Black Belt - Nolita Mesh - As a Brunett...

- Bax Prestige Base (worn)
- Bax Prestige Boots Alpha Mask (worn)
- Maitreya Mesh Nolita Dress AlphaLayer (worn)
- cheLLe - (blush) Everyday Blush 4 (worn)
- Amacci Hairbase Tattoo - Jet Black (worn)
- -Belleza- Erika Med lips 6 (worn)
- Amacci Hair Sandy ~ Jet Black (worn)
- Bandit -TRILOGY Mesh ring Platinum Diamonds - resizabl...
- bandit-Dephra lady wedding band (worn)
- BAX Prestige Boots Black Leather (L Lower Leg) (worn)
- BAX Prestige Boots Black Leather (R Lower Leg) (worn)
- CCD - Nails - L 20 - Manicure - Magenta (worn)
- CCD - Nails - R 20 - Manicure - Magenta (worn)
- EarthStones Chandraki Bracelet - Gold Tigers Eye (worn)
- EarthStones Chandraki Bracelet - Gold Tigers Eye (worn)
- EarthStones Chandraki Earring - Gold Tigers Eye (L) (wo...
- EarthStones Chandraki Earring - Gold Tigers Eye (R) (w...
- EarthStones Chandraki Necklace - Gold Tigers Eye (worn)

however, does not replace existing items on your avatar. Instead, it actually adds the item to your worn list and subsequently on the avatar too. So if you want to put two or more pieces of clothing on the underpants clothing layer for example, or attach two or more items to the stomach attachment, or load one outfit to the avatar and then add another outfit on top, you can use the "Add" command to do that.

2. Adjust items attached on the same layer so that one item doesn't unnecessarily bleed through the other item. An example may be where both a tattoo and a bra are both attached through the undershirt layer. You would want the tattoo to show as being under the bra and not over it.

Here is where the appearance tool comes in handy. As I mentioned earlier, you can edit an outfit from the edit button to the right of the outfit name. Even if you haven't saved the outfit, you can edit what you are wearing by pressing this button. You can also right click on your avatar and use the "Edit Outfit" item on the popup menu to get the same tool.

Once this tool is displayed, you can select the specific item in the list and move it up or down in priority. By moving an item that shares a layer with another higher up on the list, you effectively are telling SL to add that first, then add the next item. Thus, you still get the correct layering effect when you add clothing to the same clothing layer.

3. Once you have the outfit looking perfect, then save it.

This is a very simple thing to do. Using the appearance tool, you can save your

copy.

I kind of just glossed over how you specifically edit links in your outfit, so let's discuss that in more detail. The new viewer provides some powerful tools, from simply adding or removing item links from your outfit to managing how multiple items attached to a single clothing layer or attachment point can be layered. So let's dig into some of these great features.

Editing the item list in an existing outfit is very easy. What I like to do first is wear the outfit while I edit, but it's not required. Removing an item link from an outfit is as simple as right clicking

on the link and choosing the delete command on the popup menu. You can add an item's link in one of two ways. The first is after wearing the outfit to simply add more items to it in the same manner that you used to create a new outfit. Once you have your changes the way you like again, you can use the appearance tools 'save' command to replace your existing outfit, or the 'save as' command to create a new version of your original outfit. The other method you can use is to drag an item from your clothing inventory and drop it into the outfit folder for the outfit you wish to change. The viewer will automatically add the item by creating a link to the dragged item and add it into the outfit folder. No saving or appearance tool is needed for the drag and drop option.

There is also the ability to use the appearance tool to edit outfits. Wear your outfit and then right click on your avatar. Choose the menu item that allows you to edit the outfit to get the appearance tool. When it appears, press the "Add More" button and up pops a list of all of the items in your inventory!

Yikes! Every time I see that I just about have to keep the scream developing in my throat from erupting out.

There is help, though. At the bottom of the tool, two buttons appear. The default button shows you everything as a single list. The other button provides your items broken into their respective folders, just like your normal inventory. There is also a drop-down list to allow you to filter your list by clothing type. I don't really use the appearance tool that much for this, as I can just drag and drop in my inventory window, but the feature is there if you wish to use it.

The use of outfits, and learning how to manage them, has been a huge benefit to me. While I always hear of people that complain that they do not like the new viewer, I say they haven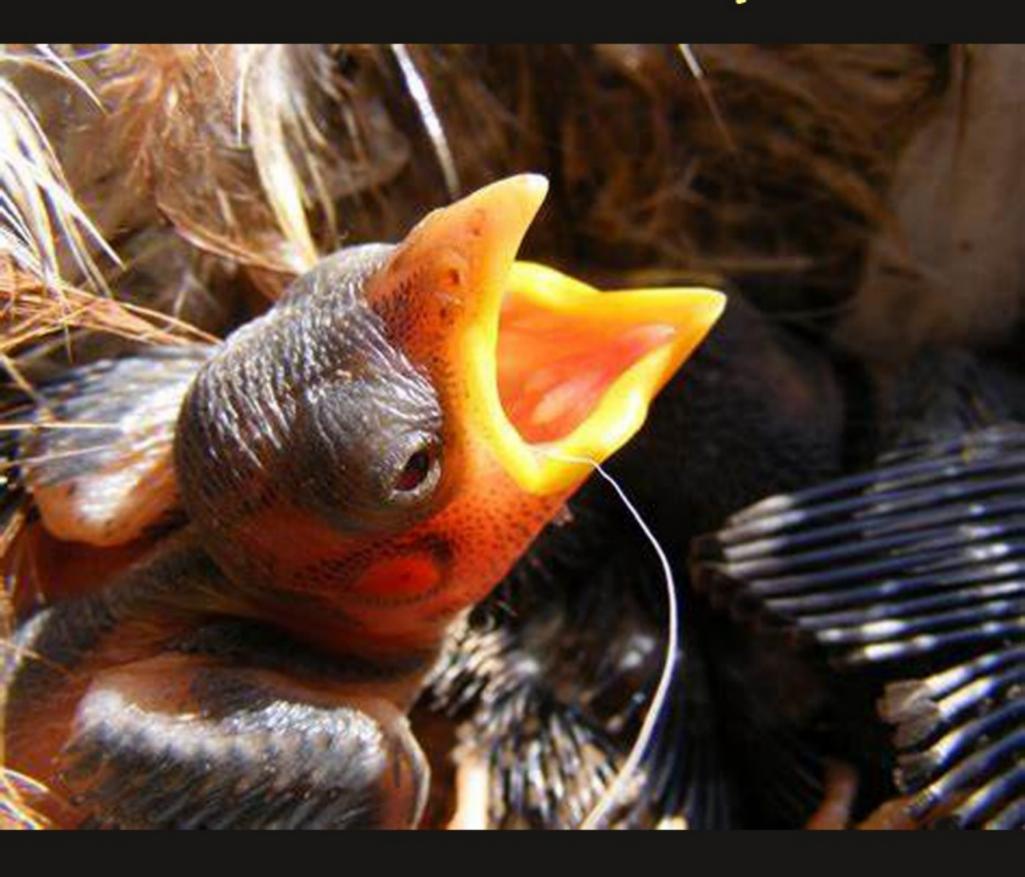't really learned how to use it. Outfits and mul-tiple attachments allow us so much more freedom on how we wish our avatars to appear in the world around us. And isn't that one of the reasons we spend lindens and time on them; to show our collective virtual citizens how we wish to be portrayed? While the new Linden Labs viewer and the third party clones that stem from it look and feel different, once you start to learn some of the powerful features they have included in it, you will want to search out many of the great features these viewers provide us. For those of you who haven't taken that journey to explore the new viewer, I highly recommend you do. Stick with it and you won't regret it.

Now get naked! And dress yourself the way you like!

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Thumbs Up

Cat Boccaccio

She was summoned to UNASA and so she dressed well, in case Christopher could see her. Sometimes they could, but other times, they told her, she was just a fuzzy blur. Well, she wore a red cardigan sweater over her dress, so that she would at least stand out: a bright red blur.

Katherine, her liaison officer, picked her up at 9 pm for the 9:55 meeting. She was a lovely young woman; a scientist, like Christopher, like she, Angela, would have died to become, had she the opportunity.

A young woman in her day had a clear duty, which was to marry and bear a boatload of kids, which she did. She had loved her husband, and loved most of her six children, but their lives had become her life. There was little time for reading, or watching nature documentaries (Tim, Nicholas, and Helen loved the animal programs, but Angela felt there was too much mating and killing for the little ones), or thinking anything at all. It was all about making the budget work until the next paycheque, keeping the house clean and not smelling of dirty diapers, feeding and clothing the children, keeping them from setting themselves on fire, preparing enough food to keep her family healthy and alert, mediating the endless arguments and feuds, and pretending that she found sex with Joe as wonderful as she had when they were twenty-two.

Then suddenly she was a grandmother, and her brain as fuzzy as her image on the monitor would be for Christopher. She told no one, but once the kids were grown, she did consider enrolling in college, maybe even work towards a degree. But who was she kidding? She could barely remember the day of the week, except that she watched two of the grandchildren on Tuesdays and the two others on Saturday. Her life revolved about Tuesdays and Saturdays, and in between she tended to her garden, baked bread and cupcakes for church, tried very hard to fend off the pain in her legs, and watched The National Geographic channel. She was hardly ready for college.

And now she would be, if all had gone well, a great-grandmother. To her dear Christopher's child.

There would be no privacy when she saw Christopher, not like earlier in the mission. They were so distant that the broadcasts were short and out of sync; and the nature of the mission so significant that she and Christopher had no illusions of a cozy chat, ever again. She missed him more than she had ever revealed, even to him. He was the one who understood her, who talked to her like she had a brain, who

asked her for advice and guidance, respected who she was and even what she had become. She didn't begrudge his decision to leave her. She had the other grandchildren, and, to be honest, she might have left them all for an adventure like the one Christopher had embarked upon.

She settled into the sofa, which was still too soft, in a room with the other crew members' families. They were a varied bunch, as one could expect, sharing nothing but having had a spouse, parent, or child flung into space. There was a large flat screen monitor on the wall. It crackled to life.

There they were. It had been almost a year since their last communication. The images were quite clear. Christopher looked well-fed, which was a relief, though extremely pale, as they all did. They rushed through their hellos, and updates about their lives and health, so they could present the baby.

Christopher held it. He was the first father of the first child ever born on Buck Owens, as the folks at UNASA jokingly called it. The mother stood beside them. Christopher held the child up to the camera, and it waved its arms and made spit bubbles.

Even in this isolated room, the family members could hear the roar that came out of the main communications pod. A cheer, a roar of joy and amazement, that a baby had been born so very far away, the beginning of a new colony, a new civilization. A fresh start, a miracle, a first citizen of a new world.

The mother said a few words, which were a little indistinct, and then Christopher announced the baby's name.

Angela.

Katherine, who had been leaning against the wall, came over to the sofa and put her hand on Nona's shoulder.

Christopher smiled into the camera lens. That goofy smile that had so disarmed her when he was a child himself. He said something, but there was suddenly no sound. Angela knew there was nothing wrong with the monitor, or the broadcast. He was mouthing his childhood phrase, the one he said to her when he burst into the house after exploring the riverbed, or overturned rocks in the tall grass.

"Look what I got for you, Nona!"

She held out two red arms in a gesture of thumbs-up, and hoped Christopher could see her.

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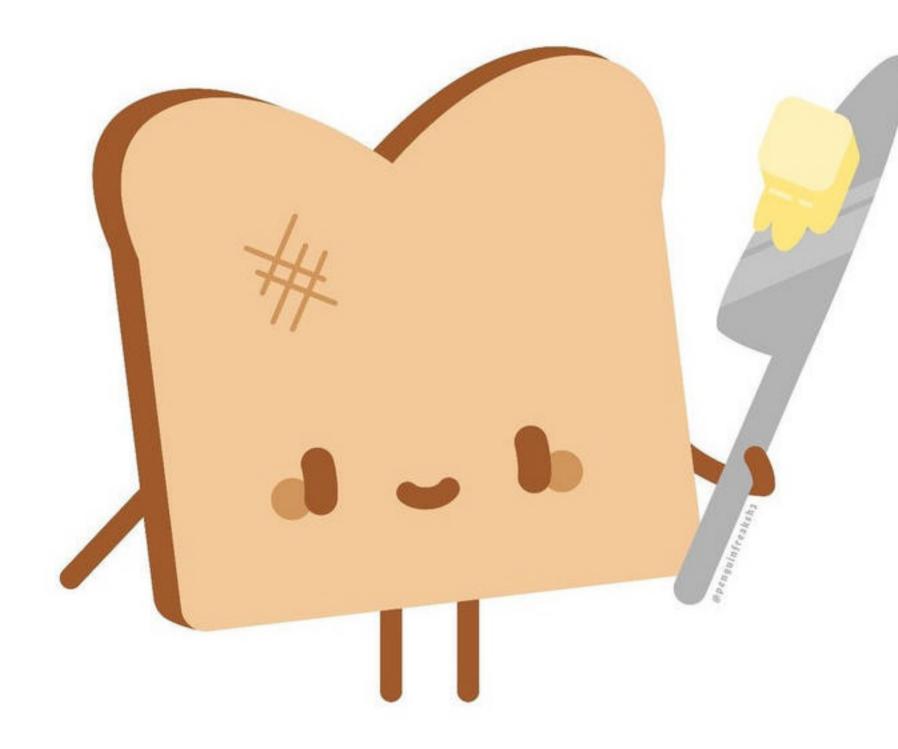
Melting Butter

RoseDrop Rust

Image by PenguinFreak SH3

He walked into the parlor like the captain of the yacht.

Voices hushed as the air in the room stilled for his next inhalation.

What he might say hung over the assembled like a too wet burning man.

Art waited, bowed before his imminent critical comment.

His name curdled on tongues poised to waggle
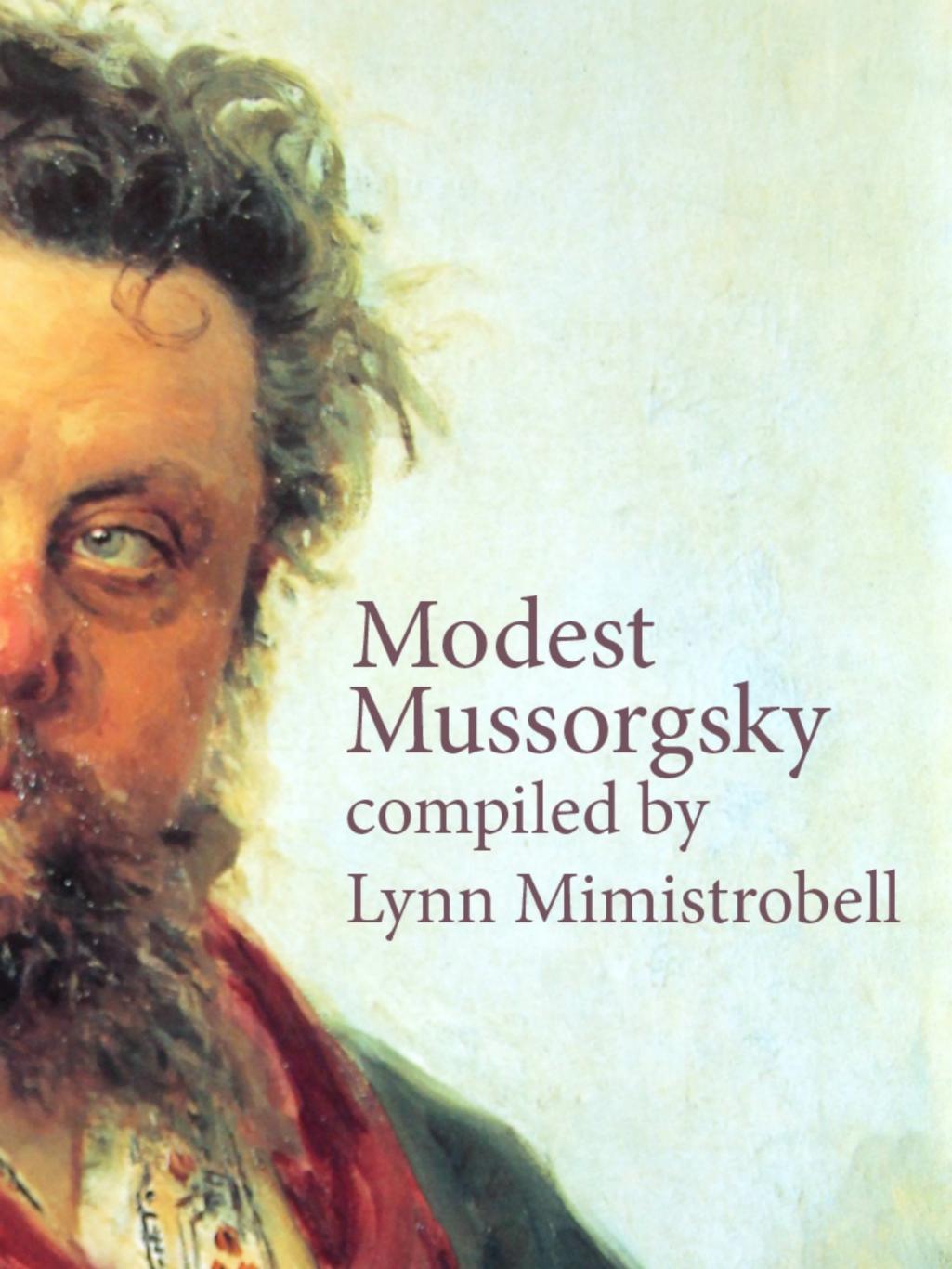
but curled like scored Christmas ribbon.

This Alpha bares his teeth in a smile

that ripples like waves on alien skin.

"Are we really ready?" he said,

and butter melted, again.

Modest Mussorgsky
compiled by
Lynn Mimistrobell

V ictor Hartmann was a close friend who shared Mussorgsky's ideals in his own field of architecture and painting.

When Hartmann died in 1874, aged only 39, Mussorgsky was devastated. In abject bitterness, he wrote: "Why should a dog, a horse, a rat live on and creatures like Hartmann must die?" But soon his incomprehension took a more constructive tack. The following year saw a memorial exhibit of 400 Hartmann works, including sketches, watercolors and costume designs. Mussorgsky was deeply moved. Seized with inspiration, he quickly reacted to the exhibition by writing a suite of ten piano pieces dedicated to the organizer.

The work opens with a brilliant touch – a "promenade" theme that reemerges throughout as a transition amid the changing moods of the various pictures. By alternating 6/4 and 5/4 time, its regular metric "walking" pace is thrown off-balance and cleverly suggests the hesitant gait of an art-lover strolling through a museum, attracted by upcoming pleasures but hesitant to leave the object at hand without a final glance at a telling detail.

The ten pictures Mussorgsky depicts (interspersed with the Promenade) are:

1. **Promenade**

2. **The Gnome** - a gnome-shaped nutcracker;

3.. **Promenade**

4. **The Old Castle** - a troubadour plaintively singing outside an ancient castle;

5. **Promenade**

6. **The Tuileries** - children vigorously playing and quarrelling in a park;

7. **Bydlo** - a lumbering wooden Polish ox-cart;

8. **Promenade**

9. **Ballet of the Unhatced Chicks** - a ballet of peeping chicks as they hatch from their shells;

10. **Samuel Goldberg and Schmuyle** - an argument between two Warsaw Jews, one haughty and vain, the other poor and garrulous;

11. **Limoges, the Market** - shrill women and vendors in a crowded marketplace;

12. **Catacombae** (sepulchrum romanum) &

13. **Con Mortuis in Lingua Mortua** -

the eerie, echoing gloom of catacombs beneath Paris;

14. **The Hut on Fowl's Legs** - the hut of a grotesque bone-chomping witch of Russian folk-lore;

15. **The Gate of Kiev** - a design for an entrance gate to Kiev.

Mussorgsky clearly chose these subjects for the variety of moods they invoked and the opportunities they presented for a wide array of musical depictions.

Alcoholism and severe depression not only cut short Mussorgsky's life but plagued his most creative years and prevented him from advocating his work, which succumbed to the dismissive attitude of the cultural gatekeepers. Fame came only after his early death at age 42, when well-meaning admirers indulgently undertook to edit his operas in order to correct what they perceived to be artistic flaws, lapses of inspiration and overall carelessness. Only in more recent times have the originals been revived to display their frank elemental power.

The Pictures at an Exhibition met a similar fate. The score remained unpublished until 1886, five years after Moussorgsky's death. But then, almost immediately, an amazing phenomenon began – while the original version generated little interest among pianists, over two dozen composers were seized by a compulsion to orchestrate it.

By far the most famous was by Maurice Ravel. Commissioned by Serge Koussevitzky in 1922, his was a propitious choice – Ravel's version strongly underlines the mood of each piece, from the woodwind chirping of the chicks through the reverberant, dark brass of the catacombs, the percussive terror of the witch and especially the blazing brass and pealing carillons of the finale. Koussevitzky was not only a great conductor but a wise businessman – his deal with Ravel included in five years of exclusive performance rights.

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Grief

image by NateKeith

rakshowes

Reflections in a pool of sadness the winds of change, rippled waters cheated,

Cracked and splintered, Hope's reflection forever now defeated...

Eyes closed a cloistered soul burned but essence squirms in driven pain,

Despairing waves riding back and forth, and back and forth remain..

Reaching out, tears splash the pool each drop a parting, the soul departing, dripping tear by tear....

On life's road souls pass by, hung low with heavy hearts, corruption very clear .

For those so weak a journey out of time, willing tears to stop, the pool to clear, but Hope no longer mine.....

Under wet lashes one eye struggles while the blackened shards laugh stabbing out her vision,

Tears; a pure dripping soul laced with mortal blood, poisoned by mortality, no longer a division.

The thin corporeal shell once alive now empty finds, a skin, blowing feebly in the winds.

A tiny spark a last show; defiance, her shielding hands while pierced by dark terrors, allow an eye to open.

Her soul drips once and in a lull the pool reflects one green bloodshot eye; a struggle in a face so broken.

Her weakened soul once more sees, and shivers, all Hope dies,

The looming tree of death arching, ready, curious in anticipation,

Her yet unborn death a reflection in its eyes.

She bends to drink, the shards thwarted, the water burns her lips as her soul claims back her stake

And gulping deeply she finds the strength in Fear and not in Hope; her tragic mad mistake.

The ground shakes as the death is buried, the shards withdraw pouting, the pool of sadness empty.

Her soul now full, her life blood flows, she knows inside, a soul now drunken, madness is

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